



10c

ALL NEW STORIES JUNE NO. 205

ACTION COMICS

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

Featuring
THE MAN OF STEEL
as
**"SERGEANT
SUPERMAN!"**

HEY! WE GOT
OURSELVES IN
THE WRONG
AREA!



YEAH-- IT'S A
GOOD THING
**SERGEANT
SUPERMAN**
IS AROUND!



**ARTILLERY
RANGE
DANGEROUS
KEEP OUT!**

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰.

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. N-4 P. O. Box 1004

Nashville 3, Tennessee

For Mother

God took the Babylonians
from the shores
and made the land
in your hands
He gave you breath
and with his love
made yours divine
But none of all
HE MADE YOU
MINE

CHILD'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down
to sleep
pray the Lord
my soul to keep
If I should die before
I wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

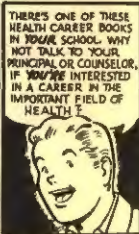
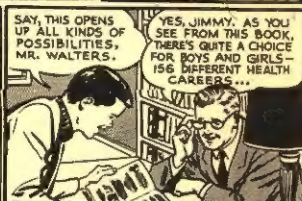
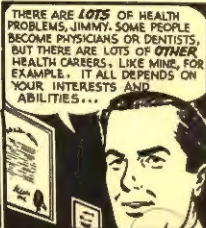
The Way Of The
CROSS
IS HOME

Love

ONE ANOTHER
AS I HAVE
LOVED
YOU

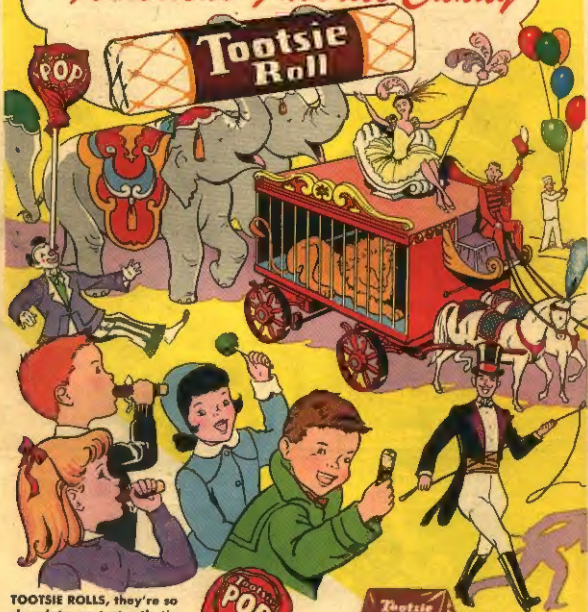
**God Bless
OUR
HOME**

BULLY *says:* "THERE MAY BE A CAREER IN HEALTH *for YOU!*"



Tootsie Roll

America's Favorite Candy



TOOTSIE ROLLS, they're so chocolaty, so tasty—that's why everybody likes them. Get some **TOOTSIE ROLLS** today at your favorite candy counter—still only 5c.

TOOTSIE ROLL POPS
—Fruit candy on the outside,
TOOTSIE ROLL
inside. Two treats for the
price of one—only 2c.



1c



These delicious **TOOTSIE ROLL**
Candies are only 1c each.

SUPERMAN

WHAT'S THIS--
SUPERMAN IN THE
ARMY? HOW DOES THIS STRANGE
SITUATION COME ABOUT--AND, DURING
HIS MILITARY HITCH, MUST THE
MAN OF STEEL RIDE HERO ON A
YOUNG DAREDEVIL G. I. WHO CON-
STANTLY RISKS HIS LIFE TO BECOME
A HERO? WHEN YOU LEARN THE
ANSWERS, YOU TOO WILL FIND YOUR-
SELF SALUTING THE ONE AND ONLY...

SERGEANT SUPERMAN

YOW! K.P. IS
A CINCH WHEN
SERGEANT
SUPERMAN
PITCHES IN
AND HELPS!



ACTION COMICS, No. 265, June, 1955. Published monthly
by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and
DICKEY STREETS, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial and Executive
offices, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Whitney
Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAY
1951 at the post office at Sparta, Illinois under the act of
March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including
postage. Foreign, \$2.00 in American funds. For advertising rates

address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd Street, New
York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1955 by National
Comics Publications, Inc. Except for those who have authorized
use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents question-
ed in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no
identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or
should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.



ONE MORNING, AS REPORTER CLARK KENT COMPLETES AN INTERVIEW WITH AN ARMY OFFICIAL...

ONE MORE THING, KENT... I'VE A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU IN CONNECTION WITH **SUPERMAN**. YOU'RE A FRIEND OF HIS, AREN'T YOU?

SUPERMAN?
ER... YES--YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, GENERAL!

WE'RE GOING TO TEST SOME NEW WEAPONS, AND WE'D LIKE **SUPERMAN** AS AN OBSERVER! WITH HIS **SUPER-SENSES**, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SPOT ANY POSSIBLE PLANS THAT ESCAPED OUR ENGINEERS!

GOOD IDEA... I'LL BE GLAD TO CONTACT HIM AND GIVE HIM YOUR MESSAGE!



IT'S NO PROBLEM FOR CLARK TO "CONTACT" **SUPERMAN**, AS HE RETURNS HOME AND SHUCKS HIS OUTER CLOTHING, REVEALING A COLORFUL COSTUME UNDERNEATH...

SOMEHOW, I HAVE THE FEELING I'M IN FOR A BUSY DAY...



SOON AFTER, AT THE ARMY PROVING GROUNDS...

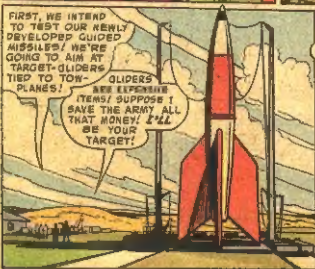
IT'S AN HONOR TO HAVE YOU HERE, **SUPERMAN!**

I WANT TO HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN, GENERAL!



FIRST, WE INTEND TO TEST OUR NEWLY DEVELOPED GUIDED MISSILES! WE'RE GOING TO AIM AT TARGET-GLIDERS TIED TO TOW-PLANES!

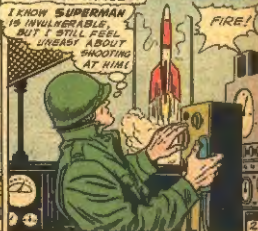
GLIDERS ARE EXPENSIVE ITEMS! SUPPOSE I SAVE THE ARMY ALL THAT MONEY! I'LL BE YOUR TARGET!



THUS, WITHIN MINUTES, MASSIVE MISSILES OF DESTRUCTION HISS SKYWARD IN PURSUIT OF A HUMAN TARGET!

I KNOW **SUPERMAN** IS INVULNERABLE, BUT I STILL FEEL UNEASY ABOUT SHOOTING AT HIM!

FIRE!



ON TARGET!
PERFECT SHOT!
TRY IT AGAIN!

EXCELLENT! BY WEAVING
ABOUT THE SKY, SUPERMAN
IS GIVING THE MISSILES A
REAL TEST FOR ACCURACY!

NEXT, THE MAN OF STEEL SERVES AS A MOVING
TARGET TO TEST THE ACCURACY OF NEW MOTORIZED
UNITS...

NICE GOING, MEN!
YOU'RE REALLY ON
THE BEAM!

AND FINALLY, A TEST OF THE LATEST MODEL
FLAME THROWERS...

FORGIVE THE PUN,
BOYS, BUT YOU'RE
REALLY HOT
TODAY!

LATER, AFTER EXPRESSING HIS GRATITUDE, THE
GENERAL ASKS ANOTHER FAVOR...

SUPERMAN, WE'RE
ABOUT TO HAVE OUR WAR
GAMES TODAY, AND I'D LIKE
YOU TO ACT AS IMPARTIAL
UMPIRE--AND MORE IMPOR-
TANT TO SEE THAT NO
SOLDIER GETS HURT
BY ACCIDENT!

OF COURSE, GENERAL,
I CAN'T THINK OF
A BETTER USE FOR
MY SUPER-POWERS!

SINCE YOU CAN'T ISSUE COMMANDS AS A
CIVILIAN, YOU'LL BE GIVEN A TEMPORARY
MILITARY RATING! DURING THE WAR
GAMES, YOU'LL BE RECOGNIZED
AS SERGEANT SUPERMAN!



LATER, IN THE GENERAL'S TENT...

IN THIS MOCK WAR, OUR MEN ARE DIVIDED INTO TWO ARMIES--THE GREENS AND THE BLUES! THEY'RE IDENTIFIED BY FACE PAINT AND ARM BANDS! HERE IS THE PROBLEM THE BLUE ARMY MUST SOLVE...



THE GREEN ARMY IS HOLDING A RADAR-INSTALLED DUMMY FORT-- AND THE BLUES MUST ADVANCE, SET UP A BRIDGE FOR THEIR TANKS TO CROSS THE RIVER, THEN TAKE THE FORT!



IN A LITTLE WHILE, THE EMPIRE BLOWS A WHISTLE, AND THE WAR GAMES ARE ON!



THE BLUE ARMY BEGINS ITS OFFENSIVE WITH THE ADVANCE GUARD MOVING THROUGH BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS AND OTHER OBSTACLES SET UP BEFORE THEM...



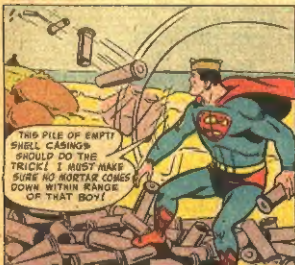
SUDDENLY, A BLUE SOLDIER MAKES A MAD DASH FORWARD, RUNNING TOO FAR AHEAD OF THE ARMY.



BUT THE ROVING EYES OF SERGEANT SUPERMAN SPOT THE IMMINENT PERIL.

THAT CRAZY KID! HE'S DISREGARDED THE SAFETY RULES ABOUT KEEPING OUT OF RANGE OF THE GREEN MORTAR! GOT TO STOP THOSE SNELLS FROM REACHING HIM!





THIS PILE OF EMPTY SHELL CASINGS SHOULD DO THE TRICK! I MUST MAKE SURE NO MORTAR COMES DOWN WITHIN RANGE OF THAT BOY!



SERGEANT SUPERMAN DOESN'T MISS--AND EACH MORTAR SHELL EXPLODES IN FLIGHT, HIGH ENOUGH TO BE HARMLESS TO THE TRAPPED BLUE SOLDIER BELOW.



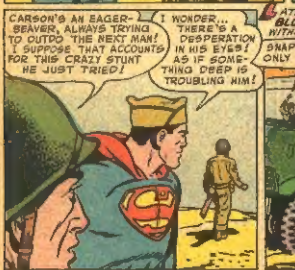
WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND RANK? WHY DID YOU DISREGARD THE SAFETY REGULATION?

FRED CARSON, SIR-- PRIVATE FIRST CLASS! I WANTED TO INFILTRATE THE ENEMY LINES, SIR, AND CAPTURE THE **GREEN ARMY'S** COMMANDING OFFICER!



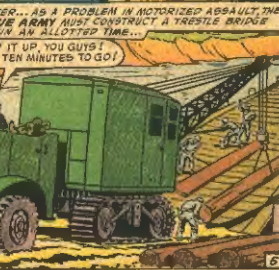
NO WAR WAS EVER WON BY ONE MAN... IT'S TEAM WORK! THE PURPOSE OF THESE MANEUVERS IS TO TEACH YOU THAT! OBEY YOUR OFFICERS AND DON'T DISREGARD SAFETY RULES... THAT'S AN ORDER!

YES, SIR!



CARSON'S AN EAGER-BE-AVER, ALWAYS TRYING TO OUTDO THE NEXT MAN! I SUPPOSE THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THIS CRAZY STUNT HE JUST TRIED!

I WONDER... THERE'S A DESPERATION IN HIS EYES! AS IF SOMETHING DEEP IS TROUBLING HIM!



LATER... AS A PROBLEM IN MOTORIZED ASSAULT, THE BLUE ARMY MUST CONSTRUCT A TRESTLE BRIDGE WITHIN AN ALLOTTED TIME...

SNAP IT UP, YOU GUYS! ONLY TEN MINUTES TO GO!



AND WHEN THE TEN MINUTES HAVE PASSED...

TIMES UP, MEN...
YOU'LL HAVE TO WITH-
DRAW AND TAKE UP
A NEW POSITION
NOW!

OKAY, SARGE! TOO BAD
WE DIDN'T GET ALL THE
SUPPORTS UNDER IN
TIME! I'D BETTER PUT
UP THIS WARNING SIGN
FOR THE TANK
JOCKEYS!

BRIDGE
NOT SAFE
DO NOT
CROSS!



LATER, AFTER FOXHOLE ARE DUG AND THE BLUE ARMY TAKES TIME OUT FOR CHOW...

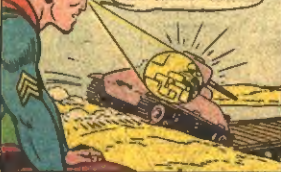
HEY, SARGE--LOOK!
SOMEBODY'S PAINTED
ONE OF OUR TANKS
WITH A GREEN ARMY
INSIGNIA! HE'S TRYING
TO INFILTRATE THEIR
LINES WITH THAT
TRICK!

CLEVER STUNT--BUT THAT
MAN'S DISOBEYING SAFETY
RULES! HE'S CRASHING
RIGHT THROUGH THAT WARN-
ING SIGN!



AND X-RAY VISION REVEALS SUDDEN DEATH RIDING WITH THE DRIVER!

CARSON AGAIN--
AND THE FOOL DOESN'T
REALIZE SOME NEWLY DEVEL-
OPED, SUPER-SENSITIVE EX-
PLOSIONS WERE STORED IN
THAT UNUSED TANK!



THE BRIDGE HAS COLLAPSED!
I CAN'T RISK TRYING TO
CATCH THE TANK...THE
SUDDEN JOLT OF IT
AGAINST MY HANDS
MIGHT DETONATE THE
EXPLOSIVES!



MY ONLY HOPE IS
TO PULVERIZE THIS
BOULDER AT SUPER-
SPEED UNTIL IT'S
GROUND INTO A
MOUNTAIN OF
DUST!

NEXT INSTANT...

IT WORKED! THE
DUST CUSHIONED
THE TANK LIKE A
MOUNTAIN OF
SOFT SNOW!





ACTION COMICS



LATER BEHIND THE LINES, PRIVATE CARSON FACES AN ANGRY SERGEANT...

I THOUGHT I COULD MAKE IT ACROSS THE BRIDGE, SIR. I THOUGHT THE GREEN ARMY CO. WOULD THINK I ONE OF THEIR OWN TANKS RETURNING!

WELL, YOUR STUNT HAS BOOMERANGED! IT'S GOING TO PUT YOU ON K P DUTY! SHOULD TAKE YOU ABOUT A WEEK TO PEEL THAT PILE OF POTATOES!

PLEASE, SIR-- I'VE JUST GOT TO STAY IN THE WAR GAMES! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO ME!

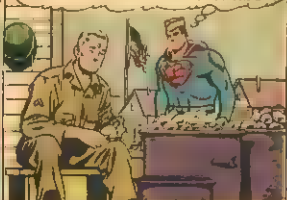
WHY IS IT SO IMPORTANT?



I CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT, SIR! IT--IT'S PERSONAL!

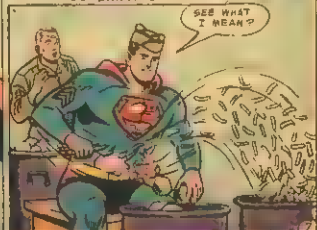
WHAT'S THE REASON FOR THIS BOY'S BEHAVIOR? WHY DOES HE TAKE SUCH FOOLHARDY RISKS? WHY IS IT SO IMPORTANT THAT HE STAY IN THE WAR GAMES?

OH, WELL. MAYBE HE'VE LEARNED! - 9.59904 BY NOW! BUT I CAN'T GO BACK ON MY ORDER-- SO I'LL HELP HIM IN SUCH A WAY THAT I WON'T BE VIOLATING MY ORDER!



COME, COME, CARSON-- YOU'RE SLOWING DOWN! LET'S GET THOSE SPUDS SLICED QUICKLY! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO SPEED UP THE JOB!

BETTER THAN AN AUTOMATIC, THE KNIFE APPEARS LIKE AN ARL OF DAZZLING SILVER IN SUPERMAN'S HANDS...





TCH-TCH LOOKS LIKE I GOT SO ABSORBED IN MY LESSON, I FORGOT TO STOP! SINCE I SAID YOU COULD GO OFF DUTY ONCE THE SPUDS WERE SLICED, YOU MIGHT AS WELL REJOIN YOUR ARMY!

OWEN, SARGE-- THANKS! YOU'RE A GOOD SPORT!

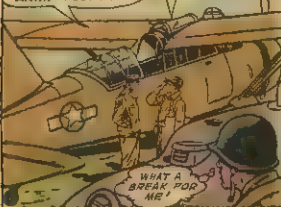
THOUGH GRATEFUL TO SUPERMAN, HOWEVER, PRIVATE CARSON IS STILL A DETERMINED BOY.

SERGEANT SUPERMAN'S A SWELL GUY BUT I'VE GOT TO DO WHAT I STARTED OUT TO DO, FIRST-POD CHANCE I GET!



THE NEXT PART OF OUR ASSAULT PROBLEM CALLS FOR YOU TO MAKE AN OBSERVATION FLIGHT OVER THE GREEN ARMY POSITIONS!

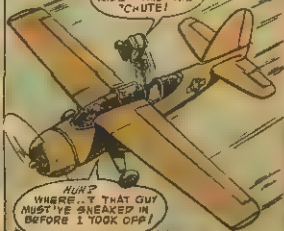
YES, SIR!



WHAT A BREAK FOR ME!

LATER, AS THE OBSERVATION PLANE HOVERS OVER THE GREEN ARMY POSITION--

SUDDENLY -- THANKS FOR THE RIDE -- AND THE CHUTE!



HUH? WHERE...? THAT GUY MUST'VE SNEAKED IN BEFORE I TOOK OFF!

AND AS TELESCOPIC VISION SIGHTS THE FOOL-HARDY YOUTH IN DANGER AGAIN--

CARSON AGA-- AND BECAUSE HE'S UNFAMILIAR WITH PARACHUTES, HE CAN'T CONTROL ITS DIRECTION! HE'S DRIFTING RIGHT DOWN INTO THE DANGER AREA SEWN WITH LAND MINES!



WARNING LAND MINES

I COULD EASILY REACH HIM IN TIME -- BUT I WANT HIM TO REALIZE WHAT A RISK HE TOOK BY HIS INEXPERIENCED PARACHUTE JUMP! I HOPE IT TEACHES HIM A LESSON! HMM-- ONE OF THESE RIFLES WILL DO THE JOB FROM HERE!

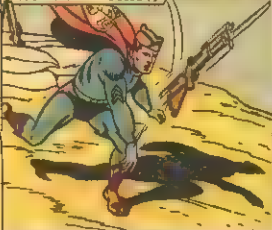




ACTION COMICS



HEFTING A WEAPON, SUPERMAN HURLS IT FORWARD LIKE A SPEAR--A SPEAR WITH THE VELOCITY OF A BULLET!

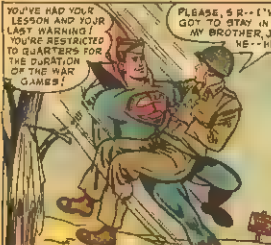


SHRILLINGLY, IT HITS ITS TARGET--THE SILKEN CHUTE--PINNING IT TO A TREE SO THAT CARSON DANGLES SAFELY, INCHES AWAY FROM THE DEADLY SOUL AT HIS HEELS!

SWHEWE
CLOSE! SO CLOSE!
I DON'T EVEN LIKE TO
THINK ABOUT IT! IF I
HAD HIT THIS MINE
FIELD--



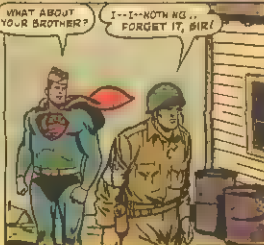
YOU'VE HAD YOUR LESSON AND YOUR LAST WARNING! YOU'RE RESTRICTED TO QUARTERS FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR GAMES!



PLEASE, S R--I'VE GOT TO STAY IN IT! MY BROTHER, J M.
HE--HE

WHAT ABOUT YOUR BROTHER?

I--I--NOTHING.. FORGET IT, SIR!



LATER, AS SERGEANT SUPERMAN TALKS OVER CARSON'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR WITH THE COMMANDING GENERAL AND COMPANY COMMANDER...

YOU SAY HE MENTIONED A JIM CARSON? YES, I REMEMBER THAT NAME...THERE WAS A PRIVATE JIM CARSON HERE ABOUT A YEAR AGO! HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER STATION, JUST BEFORE YOU WERE ASSIGNED HERE, GENERAL!



"PRIVATE JIM CARSON WAS IN A WAR GAME JUST LIKE THIS ONE! DURING OUR ADVANCE, HE SUDDENLY TURNED AND RAN--RAN AWAY FROM THE GREEN ARMY FIRE."

CARSON! HALT! YOU'RE RUNNING INTO THE BARRAGE!
CARSON! CARSON!





ACTION COMICS



TO SIMULATE BATTLE CONDITIONS, THE GREEN ARMY ARTILLERY WAS FIRING SHELLS OVER OUR HEADS-- BUT FAR PAST OUR LINES, SO WE WERE NOT WITHIN THE DANGER RANGE. BUT, IN HIS PANIC, CARSON RAN TOO FAR BACK, AND--



CARSON'S LEG WOUND GAVE HIM A LIMP-- SO HE WAS DISCHARGED FROM SERVICE! BUT HE WENT HOME KNOWING HE WAS A COWARD!



MATTER OF FACT-- RIGHT THERE IS WHERE I SAW JIM CARSON SUDDENLY TURN WITH THAT CRAZED LOOK ON HIS FACE BEFORE HE BOLTED!

HMM... THAT SPOT! NOW I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THE WHOLE MYSTERY OF FRED CARSON-- AND HIS BROTHER JIM!

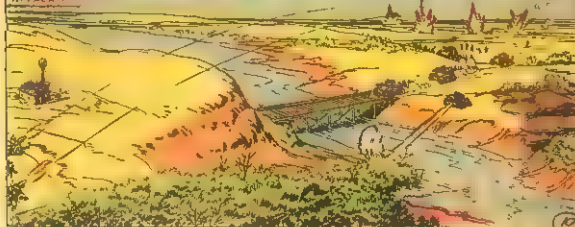


MEANWHILE, IN QUARTERS BEHIND THE BLUE LINES-- THIS IS IT, CARSON-- THE BIG PUSH! THIS IS WHERE THE BLUE ARMY ADVANCES ON THE GREEN POSITION! TOO BAD YOU'RE OUT OF IT!

LEND ME YOUR GLASSES, WILL YOU? AT LEAST LET ME GET A CLOSE-UP OF WHAT'S HAPPENING!



THE BIG PUSH! UNDER AN UMBRELLA OF ARTILLERY FIRE, THE BLUE ARMY ATTACKS





ACTION COMICS



ABRUPTLY, CARSON SEES SOMETHING THAT MAKES HIM BREAK OUT IN A COLD SWEAT...

GOT TO GET GOING!
NOT A MINUTE TO WASTE!

HEY--!



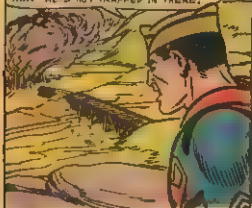
LEAPING INTO A JEEP, HE zigzags HIS WAY THROUGH THE ARTILLERY BARRAGE BURSTING EVERYWHERE ABOUT HIM...

ONCE I GET OVER THE BRIDGE, I'VE GOT A CHANCE!



WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THESE STRANGE ACTIONS? IS THIS ANOTHER FOOLHARDY STUNT... OR IS HE IN THE BLIND PANIC OF COWARDICE?

CARSON AGAIN - DRIVING RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF THE AREA SET AFIRE BY THE FLAME-THROWERS! GOT TO SEE THAT HE'S NOT TRAPPED IN THERE!



WITH HIS HERCULEAN STRENGTH, SUPERMAN EASILY LIFTS A TONS-HEAVY EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET-LAUNCHING TUBE...



HOLDING IT IN A SLANTING POSITION AT THE RIVER'S SURFACE, HE BLOWS DOWN MIGHTILY-- AND THE INCREDIBLE PRESSURE CAUSES WATER TO BRUPT AND SPRAY OVER THE FLAMING WOODS!

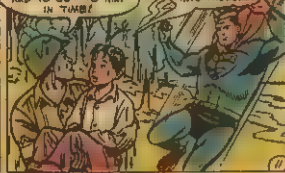


THAT WILL
WET DOWN
THE WHOLE
AREA!

MOMENTS LATER, A WET CARSON EMERGES FROM THE WOODS-- BUT HE IS NOT ALONE!

I WAS LOOKING THROUGH THE BINOCULARS AND SPOTTED THE KID HIDING IN THE WOODS! I KNEW HE'D BE TRAPPED BY THE FLAME-THROWERS, SO I HAD TO GET TO HIM IN TIME!

SEE I ONLY SNEAKED IN HERE TO SEE THE WAR GAMES! I NEVER DREAMED I'D GET INTO TROUBLE!





AND WHEN THE YOUNGSTER IS TAKEN TO SAFETY.

SUPERMAN... I MEAN, **SERGEANT**, WILL YOU LET ME GET BACK INTO THE WAR GAMES? PLEASE, S.R.--IT'S IMPORTANT TO ME!

BECAUSE OF YOUR BROTHER?

SO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? YES--THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN TAKING SUCH CRAZY CHANCES! I WANTED TO WIN A COMMENDATION FOR HEROISM--TO HAVE WHEN I GO BACK HOME!



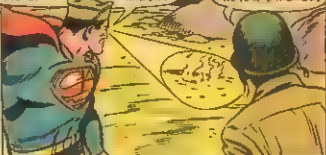
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE IN MY TOWN, WHERE EVERYBODY CALLS THE CARSONS COWARDS BECAUSE OF MY BROTHER! I WANTED TO PROVE WE'RE AS BRAVE AS ANYONE!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? YOU JUST DID PROVE IT, BY SAYING THAT CHILD! BESIDES, YOUR BROTHER WAS NOT A COWARD, AND I CAN PROVE IT!

AND AT THE SPOT WHERE CARSON'S BROTHER HAD BOLTED.

BELOW THE GROUND IS A GAS POCKET! THAT TYPE OF NATURAL GAS IS ODORLESS AND COLORLESS, BUT MY **SUPER-SENSES** DETECTED IT! THAT ESCAPING GAS AFFECTED YOUR BROTHER TEMPORARILY CAUSED HIM TO RUN AWAY!

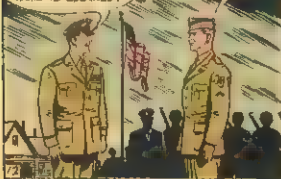
THEN J.M. WASN'T A COWARD AND ALL THIS TIME, I WAS TRYING TO WIPE OUT A FAMILY STAIN THAT NEVER EXISTED!



LATER WHEN THE WAR GAMES ARE COMPLETED

PRIVATE CARSON, NOW THAT **SERGEANT SUPERMAN** HAS EXPLAINED EVERYTHING THE ARMY WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR BROTHER'S NAME IS CLEARED!

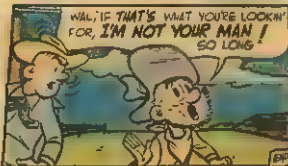
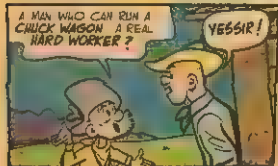
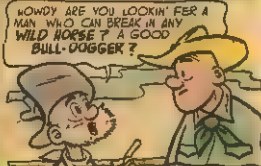
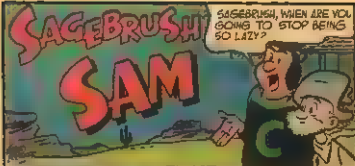
AND MY FRIEND CLARK KENT, WILL GIVE THAT STORY ABOUT PAPA HEADLINES!



AND AFTERWARD, HIS SERVICE COMPLETED, **SUPERMAN** TURNS IN HIS STRIDES...

SUPERMAN, YOU MAY BE A CIVILIAN AGAIN, BUT I AND THE WHOLE ARMY WILL ALWAYS SALUTE YOU, **EX-SERGEANT SUPERMAN!**





DERINGER PERCUSSION POCKET PISTOL—one of many guns shown in book



Illustration is about 1/4 actual size of Deringer!

ADVERTISEMENT DAISY GUNBOOK READY!

For Boys Girls and Dads ✱

FREE LUCKY ARROWHEAD CHARM With Gunbook!

You'll enjoy seeing the historic rifles, pistols pictured in gun section of Daisy's new 128-page pocket-size Gunbook! A gun collector authority wrote each gun story. Also contains western lore, ranch-cowboy cartoons, jokes, comic strips plus latest Daisy Air Rifle Catalog. All only 25¢ including FREE ARROWHEAD CHARM Hurry!

START A JUNIOR 88 GUN CLUB!

Brochure tells how any junior adult or group can start a club—based on the junior 15-foot (range) spring-type air rifle marksmanship program of National Rifle Association. Only 10¢

DAISY 88 RIFLE CATALOG IS IN GUN-BOOK



I enclose 25¢ in coin. Send Gunbook, FREE Arrowhead Charm, Daisy Catalog postpaid.
I enclose 10¢. Send "Junior Air Rifle Club" Brochure, postpaid.

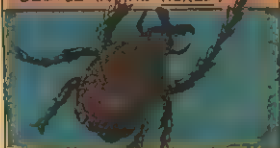
NAME _____
ST & NO. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

QUICK QUIZ

How FAST does Radium lose its value?



WHICH IS THE LARGEST BEETLE IN THE WORLD?



THE GOLIATH BEETLE OF AFRICA! IT GROWS TO A LENGTH OF 10 INCHES!

How LONG DO GRAPEVINES PRODUCE FRUIT?



SOME VARIETIES REMAIN FRUITFUL FOR AT LEAST 400 YEARS!

DO SOME SNAKES HAVE LEGS?



YES! MANY LARGER SNAKES HAVE SMALL LEGS LOCATED UNDER THE SKIN NEAR THE TAIL!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uranus No. 6)

GSKXOIG OY G HIKTJ LL
IARZAXKY LXUS SGTE RG
TJY ZU QTUC ELAX ILAT
ZXL RKGAT GHUAZ ZNK
JOLKXKIKY GSUTM VKU
VRK OT LULJ RGTMACM
KY IAYZUSY GTI JXKYY

SUPERMAN,

c o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate Button and Superman Code

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

June

Tommy TOMORROW

**2155
SPEED
LIMIT**
20,000
MILES PER
SECOND

WE'LL TAKE AFTER
THOSE CROOKS AT
FULL-SPEED ...
10,000 MILES
PER SECOND!

ER... TAKE A LOOK AT THAT
SIGN, COLONEL TOMORROW!
YOU'RE--UH-- SOMEWHAT
BEHIND THE TIMES!

**PRESENTING COLONEL
TOMMY TOMORROW,
SUPER-PLANETEER
OF THE YEAR 2155! NO,
THAT DATE IS NOT A
MISTAKE--FOR NOW
THE ACE PLANETEER IN
THE FUTURE WORLD OF
2055 VISITS HIS FUTURE,
AND A FANTASTIC TALE
OF TWO CENTURIES
UNFOLDS WHEN TOMMY
TOMORROW MEETS**

**THE
SUPER
PLANETEERS**



RECEIVING AN URGENT CALL AT HEAD
QUARTERS, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW
OF THE PLANETEERS REPORTS TO
A FAMED SCIENTIST'S LABORATORY...

PROFESSOR STARR ASKED
ME TO COME AND SEE
HIS LATEST DISCOVERY!
IT'S PROBABLY TERRIFIC
SINCE HE'S THE GREATEST
GENIUS ALIVE TODAY,
IN THE YEAR 2055!

PROFESSOR
STARR

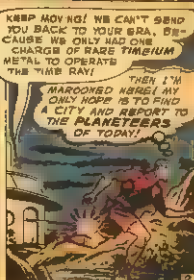
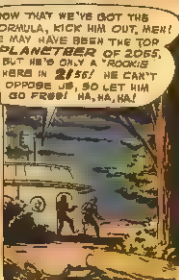
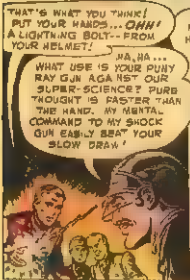
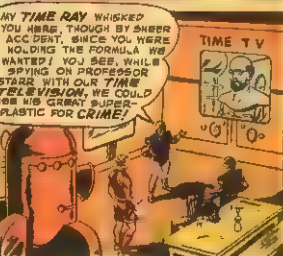
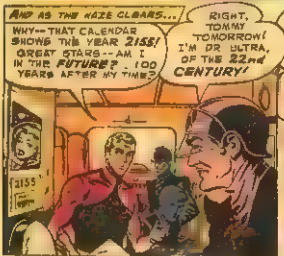
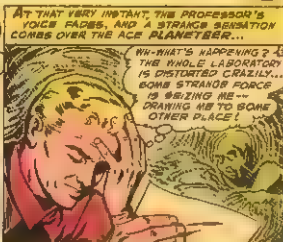
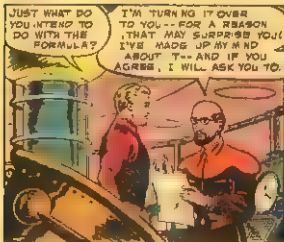
TOMMY'S RIGHT--FOR A FEE, AS HE KNOWS A
FANTASTIC INVENTION,
THAT SUPER-PLASTIC
I JUST PERFECTED'S
IMPERVIOUS TO ANY
WEAPON, AS YOU CAN
SEE, COLONEL TOMORROW!
IN SHORT, IT IS INDESTRUCTIBLE!

GREAT JUPITER!
THIS IS THE
GREATEST MARVEL
OF THE 21ST
CENTURY!





ACTION COMICS





ACTION COMICS



DAYS LATER, AFTER HIKING THROUGH THE WILDS... THEIR HIDE-

OUT WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE BUT I FINALLY REACHED THE CITY! NOW TO REPORT TO MY PRESENT CHIEF! HMM... THEY'RE CALLED SUPER-PLANETEER'S NOW!



INSIDE, AFTER TOMMY TELLS HIS STRANGE STORY TO THE COMMANDANT...

AMAZING! WE NEVER THOUGHT TO MEET AN ACE PLANETEER OF YOUR TIME IN PERSON! BUT WHAT DOES DR ULTRA PLAN WITH THE SUPER-PLASTIC?

I CAN GUESS, SIR! THEY'LL NO DOUBT MAKE SUPER-SUITS, IMPERVIOUS TO YOUR WEAPONS!



TOMMY'S HUNCH COMES TRUE IN THE VERY NEXT MOMENT, AS...

CALLING HQ! DR ULTRA AND SUPER GANG ATTACKING GANYMEDE JEWEL MART!

YOU'RE RIGHT, COLONEL TOMORROW! WEARING SUPER-SUITS THEY'RE IGNORING ALL SHOTS FROM GUARDS! COME ON WE'LL TRY TO STOP THEM OURSELVES!



SOON, AS TOMMY RIDES A SUPER-PLANETEER SHIP...

HOW! TWICE AS FAST AS WE WENT IN 2055! BUT IT'LL STILL TAKE HOURS TO REACH GANYMEDE, WHICH IS 400,000,000 MILES FROM EARTH!

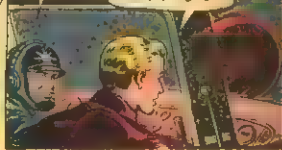
NO... WE'RE TAKING A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE FOURTH DIMENSION!



SURE ENOUGH, EXACTLY TEN SECONDS LATER...

HERE WE ARE-- AT GANYMEDE!

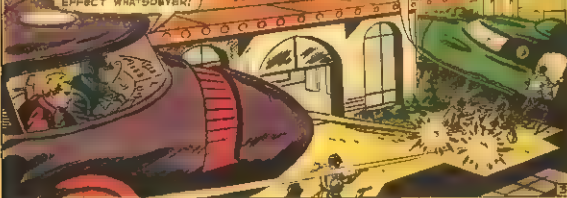
FANTASTIC--TO ME, ANYWAY! AND WITH SUPER-SCIENCE UNDREAMED OF IN MY DAY, PERHAPS YOUR WEAPONS CAN PENETRATE THEIR SUPER-SUITS!



NO, COLONEL TOMORROW... OUR SUPER-PLANETEER WEAPONS HAVE NO EFFECT WHATSOEVER!

JEWEL MART

IS SOMEBODY TRYING TO STOP US? HA, HA!





EVEN POWERFUL
TEAR GAS CAN'T
PENETRATE THE
GAS-PROOF
HELMETS!

DON'T SHOOT BACK, MEN!
WHY PLAY SLY GAMES WITH
THEM? HA, HA! THIS WAS AS
EASY AS TAKING CANDY
FROM A BABY!

AFTERWARDS, EN ROUTE BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS.

THIS IS BAD—THEY
CAN LOOT THE WHOLE
UNIVERSE! YOU SAW
THE FORMULA, COLONEL
TOMORROW... IS THERE
ANY FLAW IN THE
SUPER-PLASTIC
THAT WILL HELP
US DEFEAT
THEM?

NO... PROFESSOR
STARR HIM-
SELF SAID
IT WAS
INDESTRUCTIBLE.
BESIDES, I
DIDN'T EVEN
HAVE TIME
TO MEMORIZE
THE FORMULA!

DOES THAT
MEAN THOSE
CRIMINALS
ARE IN-
VINCIBLE?

HMM... PERHAPS NOT,
BUT MAYBE THEY DO
HAVE A WEAKNESS!
AFTER WE LAND, BRING
ME BACK TO THAT
20th CENTURY MUSEUM.
AND GET ME PERMISSION
TO USE ANYTHING IN THE
EXHIBITS!

LATER, IN THE MUSEUM...

BUT WHAT ARE YOU
PLANNING WITH
THOSE SIMPLE
RELICS OF THE
YEAR 1955?

I'LL TELL YOU LATER,
SIR—IF IT WORKS!
MEANWHILE, HAVE A PHONY
TIME CAPSULE BUILT FOR
ME, AND THEN I'LL GIVE YOU
A SENSATIONAL "HEADLINE
TO BROADCAST ALL OVER
THE WORLD!"

MUSEUM
20th CENTURY
MUSEUM

JUKE
BOX
1955

APR 10 1955

THUS, WHEN TOMMY'S PLANTED NEWS
REACHED THE ATTENTION OF
DR. ULTRA...

THE CAPSULE
OF 1955
UNCOVERED IN
CAVE NEAR MOUNT
WHITT, CONTAINS NO
PRICELESS OLD
RARITIES WORTH
MILLIONS

LOOK
AT THAT... MORE LOOT,
MEN! WITH OUR
SUPER-SUITS ON,
WE'LL EASILY ROUT
ANY GUARDS AT THAT
CAVE! LET'S GO!

AND AFTER GAINING ENTRY TO THE CAVE

HMM... QUEER THINGS
THEY HAD IN 1955! SINCE
WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT THEM, WE'LL HAVE
A LONG JOB SORTING OUT
VALUABLE OBJECTS
FROM WORTHLESS
JUNK!

1955
TIME CAPSULE



ACTION COMICS

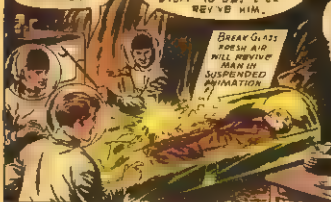


THEN COMES A MORE STARTLING FIND...

LOOK, BOSS! A MAN FROM 1985, TOO, IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION!

WHAT LUCK! WE NEED A "GUIDE" OF HIS TIME TO EXPLAIN THIS UNKNOWN STUFF TO US! I'LL REVIVE HIM.

BREAK GLASS
FRESH AIR
WILL REVIVE
MAN IN
SUSPENDED
ANIMATION



BUT LOOK CLOSER, AND YOU'LL SEE THIS "SURVIVOR" OF 1985 IS REALLY TOMMY TOMORROW!

JUST AS I HOPED-- THEY CAN'T RECOGNIZE ME IN THIS 1985 CLOTHING... AND MY PLAN SEEMS TO BE WORKING ALREADY.

LOOK, YOU-- WE'RE BANDITS OF 2155, AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US PICK OUT THE BEST LOOT, UNDERSTAND? BESIDES, WE'LL GET A LAUGH OUT OF HEARING ABOUT THESE CURIOSITIES!



I FIGURED THIS OBSOLETE STUFF WOULD AROUSE THEIR SHEER CURIOSITY AS WELL AS THEIR GREED!

WELL... ER THIS THING WAS KNOWN AS A Juke BOX!

QUEER MUS C, BUT LIVELY! KEEP IT GOING-- WE HAVE ALL DAY! AFTER ALL, WHO CAN DRIVE US OUT OR CAPTURE US WHILE WE'RE PROTECTED IN OUR SUPER-SUITS?



BUT NOW CAN TOMMY HOPE TO DEFEAT SUPER CROOKS WITH SUCH HARMLESS OBJECTS?

HERE-- TRY THESE 1985 C GARBS!

WHY NOT? I'M DYING FOR A SMOKE, AND IT'S OKAY TO OPEN OUR GAS-PROOF HELMETS, MEN! THERE'S NO POSSIBLE DANGER FROM THIS BACKWARD SIMPLETON!



THE 20th CENTURY INVENTED THE FIRST COMIC MAGAZINES TOO

PRINTED ON PAPER? HA, HA TODAY, COMIC STORIES ARE ON MICROFILM WHICH MAGNIFIES THE SCENES ON LARGE SCREENS!



SUDDENLY, AS THE MAGAZINES ARE OPENED,

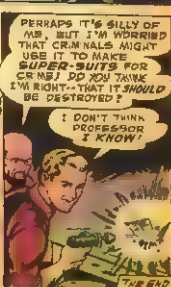
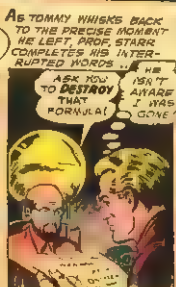
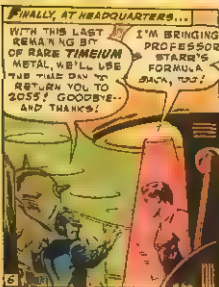
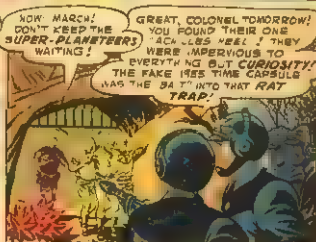
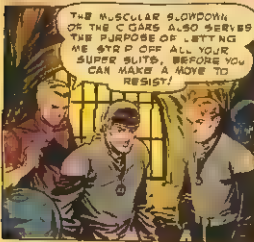
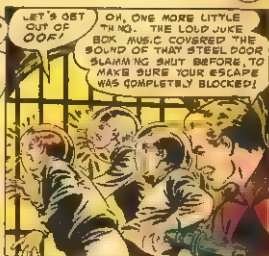
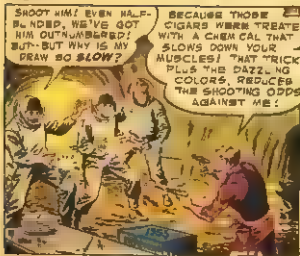
HEY, THESE DAZZLING COLORS HURT MY EYES! CAN'T SEE!

RIGHT-- BECAUSE I SOAKED THE PAGES WITH SPECIALLY PREPARED LUMINOUS INKS! AND I ARREST YOU ALL NOW ON BEHALF OF THE PLANETEERS OF 2055!





ACTION COMICS



To the BOYS and GIRLS
of America...

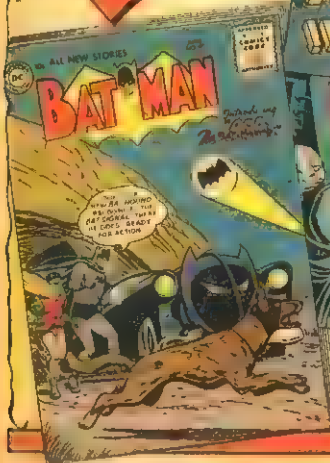
THIS FAMOUS
SYMBOL
IS YOUR



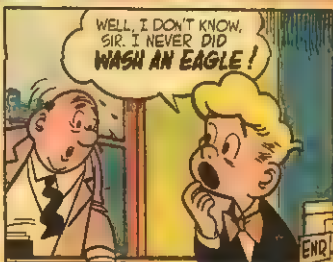
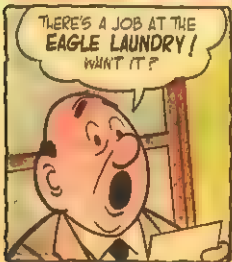
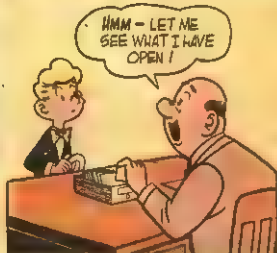
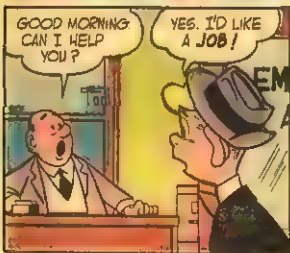
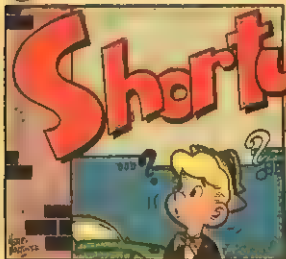
GUARANTEE

OF THE **BEST** IN COMICS READING

For Example



**ALL SUPERMAN-DC
COMICS HAVE BEEN
APPROVED BY THE
CODE AUTHORITY!**



ONE-MAN POLAR EXPEDITION



He Had to Make the Dangerous Flight Because of a Solemn Promise He Had Made to Himself

CAPTAIN Richard Benson stood stiffly at attention even after his superior officer, Colonel Woods, told him to stand at

"This idea of yours to fly a hopped-up plane over the North Pole, Dick! Are you serious about it?"

Benson nodded grimly. "I picked up an Army-surplus Mustang F-51, sir. Fitted it up with a new engine, and stripped it down to practically the gas tank. I'm sure it'll make it."

The colonel put a match to his pipe, puffed furiously for a moment.

"Up to now, Dick, only long-range military planes with specially-built navigating aids and crews of a dozen men have succeeded in flying over the ice cap. I don't mind telling you that we'd just love to know if it could be done in that Mustang of yours. It'd tell us a great deal about transpolar flights."

The colonel paused a moment, then continued: "But our best men don't believe you can do it, Dick."

"I'm going to try it during my leave, sir," Benson replied in a significant tone. It meant that no one had the authority to stop him. The colonel caught the hidden meaning at once.

"I suppose you know what you're up against?"

Benson nodded. "Yes, sir. If I'm forced down anywhere in the area, my chances of ever getting back are practically nil."

"Not practically nil, Dick. Just nil."

Another pause. Then, the colonel looked the young flyer full in the face. "Why are you doing it, Dick? You're no stunt man! You've always been level-headed, with a remarkable safety record! Why are you doing it?"

"As you yourself said, sir—my success or failure will tell us how close we are to practical transpolar flight," Benson answered.

"Well . . . I suppose that's reason enough to try it," grunted the colonel. But, somehow, he had the feeling that Benson had not given him the real reason for the intrepid one-man expedition over the polar icecap.

Two days later, Benson lifted the nose of his Mustang off a runway at Idlewild, and kept it pointed upward until he had reached the upper stratosphere. Then, he leveled and headed for London astride a jet stream.

Seven hours or so later, he landed in London, and set to work at once plotting his course for the rest of the trip. A stop at Norway, another at Fairbanks, Alaska—and then the top of the world!

At Alaska, Benson carefully checked the plane, synchronized his two watches. The tanks were filled to the brim, and he took off. If all went well, he would pass over the Pole in about five hours.

Flying at 21,000 feet, Benson had the feeling that he was standing still. Far below he could see the jagged ocean of ice. He involuntarily shuddered at the mere thought of landing in that wilderness in a plane whose landing speed was 145 miles an hour.

Benson was nearing his goal now. And as he strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the frozen wasteland through gathering clouds, his mind raced back to earlier expeditions.

How long before was it that brave men crawled laboriously across the trackless wastes in sleds drawn by huskies? How many of these trailblazers had perished just short of their goal?

It wouldn't be long now!

Strange things seem to happen to a plane in the area of the Pole. The earth below seems to be swimming dizzily, as if it had somehow become unhinged.

Benson found that he had constantly to check and correct his position, for up here, it was next to impossible to stay on destination.

He glanced at his compass. It had gone mad. The Pole no longer registered north on the compass.

He glanced at his radio. It was soundless, for no radio waves could reach him here.

Benson dipped his plane to crawl under the blinding clouds. He was sweltering in the heat of the midnight sun.

And then he glimpsed the frozen ground. It seemed to be in a constant turmoil, cracking up, freezing up instantly, and cracking up again.

And then Benson gasped. He had just taken his hourly sun sight and checked the panel. In moments, his plane would cross the Pole!

Latitude 90 degrees north—the dot where compass points all merge! The Pole!

This was it—the very top of the world!

And then, Benson did a curious thing. He took out a small worn and tattered American flag.

When the bubble in his sextant registered dead center, the exact location of the Pole, Benson hastily opened the sliding window, and pushed the little flag out.

The flag fluttered in the winds, then slowly sank toward the frozen ice floes below.

Benson uttered a grunt of satisfaction, peered at the sun to guide him, and set his plane coursing homeward.

A week later, he stood once again before an elated Colonel Woods.

"You did it, Dick, you did it! You proved the practicability of transpolar flight! What you have done is of tremendous importance to your country!"

"Thank you, sir!"

And then the smile faded from the colonel's face.

"But that isn't the only reason you did it, Dick! Can you tell me the other reason now?"

"Yes, sir," answered Benson solemnly. "The little flag I dropped over the Pole was the very one my father, 25 years ago, intended to plant there on an expedition. He perished a few hundred miles from his goal. His effects, including that little flag, were brought back. And, as long as I can remember, I made a promise to myself that I would fulfill his mission. Now I have."

—Joe Mallon

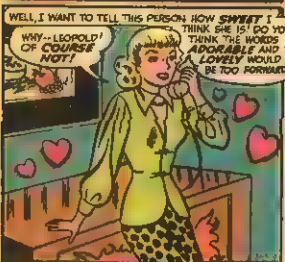


BONNY

THAT'S LEOPOLD,
I'LL GET!

OH, BONNY, I WONDER IF
YOU COULD HELP ME
WITH A LETTER
I'M WRITING?

CERTAINLY, LEOPOLD!
WHAT WOULD YOU
LIKE TO KNOW?

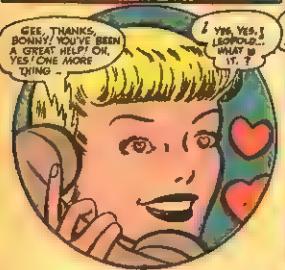
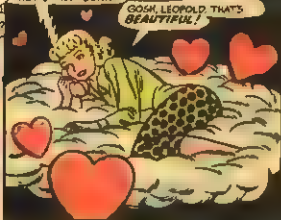


WHY-- LEOPOLD!
OF COURSE
NOT!

WELL, I WANT TO TELL THIS PERSON HOW *SWEET* I
THINK SHE IS! DO YOU
THINK THE WORDS
ADORABLE AND
LOVELY WOULD
BE TOO FORWARD?

...AND WHAT IF I SAID, "I SWOON EVERY TIME I
GAZE AT YOUR LOVELY COUNTENANCE!"
HOW'S THAT BONNY?

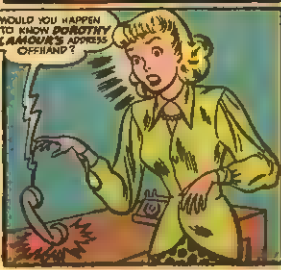
GOSH, LEOPOLD, THAT'S
BEAUTIFUL!



GEE, THANKS,
BONNY! YOU'VE BEEN
A GREAT HELP! OH,
YES! ONE MORE
THING--

YES, YES,
LEOPOLD...
WHAT IS
IT?

WOULD YOU HAPPEN
TO KNOW *DOROTHY
LAMOUR'S* ADDRESS
OFFHAND?



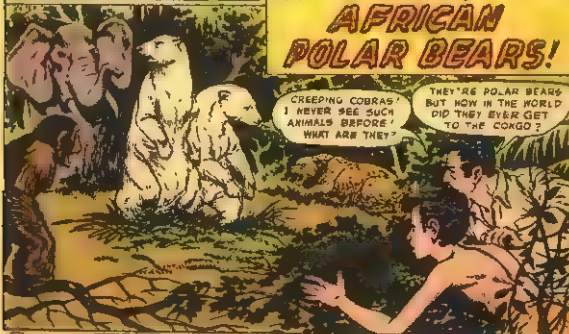


CONGO BILL

with
JANU
The
Jungle
Boy

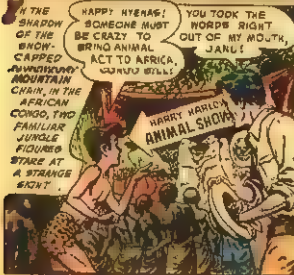
THE CROCODILES CREEP DEEPER INTO THE SHALLOW RIVERS--THE LEOPARD HOVERS CLOSE TO HIS DEN--EVEN THE LORDLY LION REMAINS HIDDEN IN THE BRUSH! AND NO WONDER... FOR INTO THEIR MIDST HAVE STRAYED ANIMALS NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THE AFRICAN CONGO--A PAIR OF POLAR BEARS!... WHAT STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE BROUGHT THESE COLD-LOVING BEASTS TO THE STEAMING JUNGLE? IT IS EXACTLY WHAT CONGO BILL AND HIS YOUNG JUNGLE FRIEND, JANU, PONDER AS THEY TRY TO UNRAVEL...

THE MYSTERY OF THE AFRICAN POLAR BEARS!



CREEPING COBRAS!
I NEVER SEE SUCH
ANIMALS BEFORE!
WHAT ARE THEY?

THEY'RE POLAR BEARS
BUT NOW IN THE WORLD
DID THEY EVER GET
TO THE CONGO?

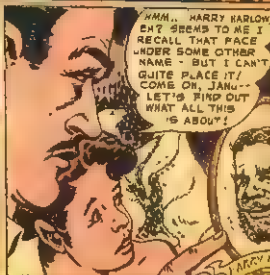


IN THE SHADOW OF THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN CHAIN, IN THE AFRICAN CONGO, TWO FAMILIAR JUNGLE FIGURES STARE AT A STRANGE SIGHT.

HAPPY HYENAS!
SOMEONE MUST
BE CRAZY TO
BRING ANIMAL
ACT TO AFRICA,
CONGO BILL!

YOU TOOK THE
WORDS RIGHT
OUT OF MY MOUTH,
JANU!

HARRY HARLOW
ANIMAL SHOW



HMM... HARRY HARLOW
EN? SEEMS TO ME I
RECALL THAT FACE
UNDER SOME OTHER
NAME - BUT I CAN'T
QUITE PLACE IT!
COME ON, JANU--
LET'S FIND OUT
WHAT ALL THIS
IS ABOUT!



ACTION COMICS



SOON, IN A NEARBY CLEARING...

WHY--THE ONLY ANIMALS
IN THIS SHOW ARE
POLAR BEARS! NO
WONDER THE HARLOW
IS CHARGING MONEY
TO SEE THEM!

BELLOWING
BUFFALOS!
NEVER SEE
POLAR BEARS
BEFORE!

EXACTLY
WHY I
BROUGHT
THEM
HERE!

NAME IS HARLOW! LOTS
OF FOLKS SAID I WAS
CRAZY TO BRING
ANIMALS TO AFRICA--
BUT JUST LOOK AT
THE BUS HERE I'M
DOING!

YES BUT WHAT
ABOUT THOSE
POOR POLAR
BEARS? THEY
CAN'T POSSIBLY
STAND THE STEAM-
ING HEAT OF THE
CONGO! THEY'LL DIE
HERE



HA, HA... LEAVE IT TO OLD HARRY HARLOW--
HE THINKS OF EVERYTHING! GET IT?
BLOCKS OF ICE--WHICH I PRODUCE
FROM CHEMICALS! COME ON KTO
THE TENT--AND SEE THE SHOW!

GLAD
TO!



SHORTLY, IN THE TENT

NOT BAD,
EH? I'LL CLEAN
UP WITH THIS ACT
IN AFRICA!

SURE
LOOKS
LIKE IT,
HARLOW!



THEN, WHEN THE SHOW ENDS...

SAY--WHAT'S
THIS COMING
OUR WAY?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GETTING
A VISIT FROM ONE OF THE
BIG CHIEFS OF THIS AREA!



ETO-N'YA-DO-
KANNA-RUDU!

WHAT'S HE
SAYING?

ALLOW ME TO
TRANSLATE,
HARLOW!





HE'S OFFERING YOU WHAT LOOKS LIKE AT LEAST \$50,000 WORTH OF IVORY TUSKS FOR THOSE BEARS OF YOURS, HARLOW!

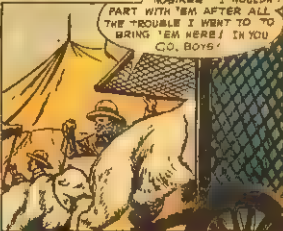
THAT'S MUCH MORE THAN YOU COULD HOPE TO EARN BY SKINNING THEM... I'D ADVISE YOU TO ACCEPT HIS OFFER!

NOT ON HIS LIFE! I WOULDN'T PART WITH MY BEARS FOR THE WORLD!



AND, AS CONGO BILL RELAYS THE DISAPPOINTING NEWS TO THE CHIEF...

NOS, REE— I WOULDN'T PART WITH 'EM AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I WENT TO TO BRING 'EM HERE! IN YOU GO, BOYS!



SOON AFTER...

HE FOOLISH TO TURN DOWN SO MUCH MONEY FOR BEARS, CONGO BILL!

PERHAPS... BUT THAT'S HIS PRIVILEGE, JANU! WE'LL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT— AND GET AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING!



BUT AT DAYBREAK...

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

YOU MUST HELP ME! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!

HUH? WHAT'S UP?



MOMENTS LATER

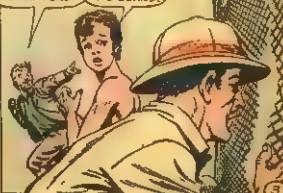
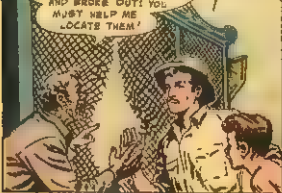
LOOK— THE ICE MELTED DURING THE NIGHT! I GUESS MY BEARS COULDN'T STAND THE HEAT IN HERE, AND BROKE OUT! YOU MUST HELP ME LOCATE THEM!

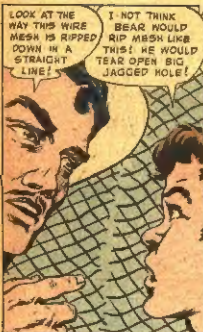
EASY, HARLOW— I'LL DO MY BEST!

WE'LL TAKE DIFFERENT TRAILS! BUT PLEASE DON'T HURT MY BEARS WHEN YOU TRY TO BRING THEM BACK HERE!

RUMBLING RHINOS! HE SURE CRAZY ABOUT HIS BEARS!

AMM, HE SEEMS TO BE... BUT... WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?





LOOK AT THE WAY THIS WIRE MESH IS RIPPED DOWN IN A STRAIGHT LINE!

I DON'T THINK BEAR WOULD RIP MESH LIKE THIS! HE WOULD TEAR OPEN BIG JAGGED HOLE!



EXACTLY! SO HARLOW MUST HAVE TORN THIS WIRE MESH HIMSELF!

HARLOW DO IT?

YOU MEAN, FIRST HARLOW TURN DOWN \$50,000 FOR BEARS -- THEN HE TURN BEARS LOOSE? BUT THAT NO MAKE SENSE!

YOU'RE CATCHING ON FAST, JANU! LET'S YOU AND I TRY TO MAKE SOME SENSE OUT OF IT! COME ON-- WE'RE GOING TRACKING!



LOOK-- HERE BEAR TRACKS!

YES-- AND MAN TRACKS RIGHT BEHIND! KEEP GOING, JANU!



HIGHER AND HIGHER TOWARD RUWENZORI'S SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS CLIMBS THE ADVENTUROUS DUO, UNTIL

THERE'S ONE OF THE BEARS NOW, JANU! I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'LL SOON FIND OUT THE MYSTERY BEHIND THE ESCAPED BEARS!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT...

BANG

SNAP

HIT THE DIRT, JANU!



NEXT MOMENT...
LOOK, CONGO BILL--
HARLOW, HOLD
RIFLE ON US!

YES! ORIGINALLY, I'D
WANTED CONGO BILL
AS A WITNESS FOR
MY LITTLE PLAN--BUT
NOW THAT YOU FOUND
OUT IT WAS I WHO DE-
LIBERATELY LET THE BEARS
ESCAPE, I'M AFRAID I'LL
HAVE TO DO WITHOUT
YOUR SERVICES!

WAIT! BEFORE
YOU SHOOT,
TELL ME
TWO THINGS!
WHO ARE YOU
REALLY, AND WHY
DID YOU LET THOSE
BEARS ESCAPE?

I DON'T MIND
TELLIN' YOU--SEEN'
AS NEITHER ONE OF
YOU'LL BE IN ANY
POSITION TO SQUEAL
ON ME!



MY REAL NAME IS JIM JACKSON, MY
PARTNER, ALEC BLAKE, AND MYSELF
HAD HELD UP A SAFARI AND MADE
OFF WITH A CASKET OF DIAMONDS...

I'D BE A FOOL TO SHARE
THIS FORTUNE WITH ALEC!

THEN, SOON AFTER...

POLICE! THE MEN OF
THAT SAFARI PROBABLY
REPORTED US--AND THEY'VE
GOT OUR DESCRIPTIONS! I'LL
HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE...
BUT WHAT'LL I DO WITH
THIS CHEST OF GEMS?

**I BURIED THE DIAMONDS IN THE SNOW, BE-
SIDE A BIG BOULDER--AND THEN...**



I'LL GET OUT OF AFRICA
UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF! THEN
I'LL RETURN, DIG THE GEMS
UP, AND LIVE LIKE A KING
FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

BUT WHEN I RETURNED, I RAN INTO SOME
UNEXPECTED DIFFICULTY! THE TRAILS LEADING
TO THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS BECAME OVERGROWN--
AND NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED, I COULDN'T
FIND THE WAY UP! THAT'S WHEN I GOT THE
IDEA TO USE POLAR BEARS!



ACTION COMICS



YES, JACKSON--YOU IMPORTED THE POLAR BEARS, KNOWING THAT THEY WOULD INSTINCTIVELY FIND THE TRAIL UP TO THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS, AWAY FROM THE HEAT THEY DETEST!

THAT'S IT EXACTLY!



AND YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW GOOD MY IDEA WAS! BUT WE'VE TALKED ENOUGH...NOW I'M GOING TO SEAL YOUR TONGUES FOR GOOD!

I--I GUESS WE FINISHED NOW, HUM, CONGO BILL?



NOT QUITE, JANU! THIS ROCK HURLED INTO THE SOFT SNOW MAY CHANGE THE PICTURE!

EEOOW! L-LOSING MY BALANCE!

GRAB HIS RIFLE, JANU! I'LL GRAB HIM!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!



SUDDENLY...

LOOK, CONGO BILL--HE RUN INTO BEAR!

AND THE BEAR NOT SCARED... IT'S PUSHING HIM OFF TOWARD THE PRECIPICE! HANG ON, JACKSON--I'LL TRY TO REACH YOU!

BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT... TOO LATE!

I GUESS IT SERVE HIM RIGHT FOR WHAT HE DO TO PARTNER!

YES, JANU--THAT'S KNOWN AS POETIC JUSTICE! BUT LET'S FIND THE OTHER BEAR AND START THEM AND THESE DIAMONDS BACK TO WHERE THEY BELONG!



THE END.

**BOYS AND GIRLS! NOW YOU
CAN GET THE OFFICIAL
SUPERMAN PLAYSUIT . . . AND
JOIN MY FAN CLUB, TOO!**

Copy, 1955,
National Comics
Publications, Inc.



**YES! TELL MOM AND
DAD THAT IT'S THE
GIFT YOU WANT!**

the **OFFICIAL 4-piece**

**SUPERMAN
PLAYSUIT**

in LONG-LASTING RAYON
GABARDINE, complete with
BILLOWING CAPE . . .

only **6.98**

You get a full, bright red cape with
Superman in "gold" right on the back, a
shirt with the official Superman insignia,
pants or a skirt and a plastic belt. Don't
forget to tell Mom the suit is made to
stand up under lots of hard play—it's
made of fine washable rayon gabardine!
In even sizes from 4 to 14.

MAIL TODAY!

ANRA, INC.
P.O. BOX 21, New York 12, N. Y.

Please send me the following "Superman"
playsuits at \$6.98 each. Check or money
order only.

Quantity				Boys'
Size				Girls'

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**BE THE
FIRST OF
YOUR FRIENDS
TO GET THEM**

FREE! FREE! With every Superman
suit you will receive:—

1. Special Magazine
2. SUPERMAN Certificate
3. Identification Card



THIS
FIELD
OF BOYS
AND
GIRLS
CAPE